Juſtice in Maſquerade.
A POEM.

A Butcher's Son's J —— Capital,
Poor Proteſtants for to enthrall,
And *England* to enſlave Sirs.
Loſe both our Laws and Lives we muſt,
When to do Juſtice we intruſt
So known an Errant K —— Sirs.
Some hungry Prieſts he did once fell,
With mighty ſtroaks, and them to Hell
Sent preſently away Sirs.
Would you know why, the reaſon's plain,
They had no *Engliſh* nor *French* Coin,
To make a longer ſtay Sirs.
The Pope to Purgatory ſends,
Who neither Money have nor Friends,
In this he is not alone Sirs.
For our J —— to Mercy's not enclin'd,
'Leſs Gold change Conſcience and his minde,
You are infallibly gone Sirs.
His Father once exempted was
Out of all Juries, why? Becauſe
He was a Man of Blood Sirs.
And why the butcherly Son, forſooth,
Should now be Jury and J —— both,
Cannot be underſtood Sirs.
The good Old Man with Knife and Knocks,
Made harmleſs Sheep and ſtubborn Ox,
Stoop to him in his Fury.
But the brib'd Son, like greaſy Aulf,
Kneels down and Worſhips Golden Calf;
And ſo does all the Jury.
Better thou had'ſt been at thy Fathers Trade,
An honeſt lively-hood to have made,
In hamp'ring Bulls with Collers:
Than to thy Country prove unjuſt,
Firſt ſell, and then betray thy truſt,
For ſo many hard Rixdollers.
Prieſt and Phyſitian thou didſt ſave,
From Gallows, Fire and from the Grave,
For which we can't endure thee.
The one can ne're abſolve thy ſins,
And th' other, though he now begins,
Of Knavery ne're can Cure thee.
But leſt we all ſhould end his life,
And with a keen-whet Chopping knife,
In a Thouſand peices cleave him:
Let the Parliament firſt him undertake,
They'l make the Raſcal ſtink at ſtake,
And ſo like a K —— let's leave him.